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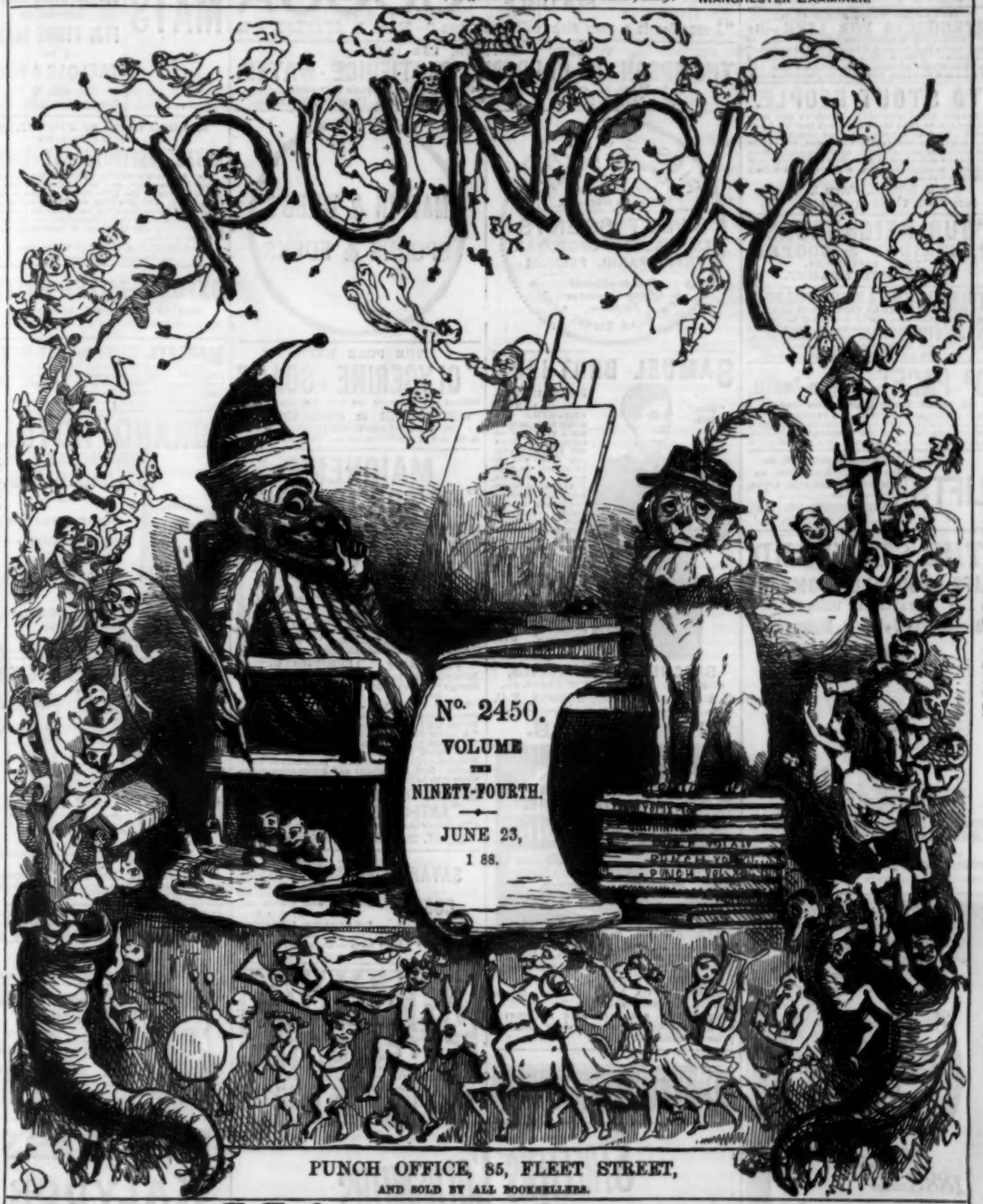

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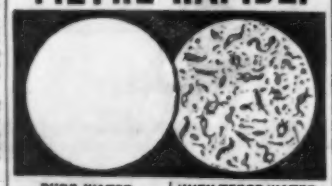

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ROUND THE FIRST; OR, GETTING DOWN TO AVOID.

Fragments of the Story of the Great Fight between the "Pugnacious Pump," [and "Bung's Novice."

* * * * * * *

AMID *Fistiana's* old chronicles many a "mill" is recorded,
Which to the Corinthian patrons of boxing much pleasure afforded;
But seldom the swells of St. Stephens's Ring have found greater excitement
Than watching this last merry mill, for they all were aware what the fight meant.
"Bung's Novice" is young at the sport, but he's known to be game as a sparrow;
Has a right that can lark round his man, and a left that goes straight as an arrow;

FIRST ROUND. "BUNG'S NOVICE" "GOING DOWN TO AVOID."
W. H. Smith (the Bottle-holder). "Certainly, Sir."

He has shown unexpected good form, and the knowing ones readily backed him,
"We pity the other," they cried, "when our Novice has met him and whacked him!"
The "Pugnacious Pump" was a big 'un, but just a bit soft, so men muttered,
And aged and stale; so 'twas thought the young Novice might face him unfluttered.
'Twas true he'd a lump of a fist, and was long in the reach, and a smiter;
But then he was cockerowy rather, a very bad sign in a fighter.
His temper was awfully nasty; the Novice was cool and collected;
And so it seemed skill against size, and a rattling good mill was expected.

* * * * * * *

It calls for PIERCE EGAN'S old pen with a sort of a dash of MACAULAY'S,
To worthily follow the fight from the moment they put up their mawleys.
The "Pump" stripped a regular whopper, the "Novice" he peeled a bit forky,
But then he seemed quick as JEM MACE, and as light on his toes as old Corky.
The "Pump" had a rare crowd of backers, and oh, how they holloaed and shouted!
"We'll back you, old boy, till all 's Blue!" And they meant it, *that*'s not to be doubted. [cheery;
A slab-sided slommocking chap was the "Pump," and his mug looked most
A trifle smock-faced to be sure, but not the least puffy or beery.
The "Novice" looked clean as a pin, and as hard and as game as a pebble;
But light—very light; his opponent's big bulk seemed his carcase to treble.

* * * * * * *

They spar for an opening. Bang! If, my Novice, your nose that had smitten
As straight as the P. P. intended, I fear Mother Earth you'd have bitten!
The "Pump" swings his arms like a windmill. Smack! Not well in reach, but a whopper!
The "Novice's" counters lack powder, but what a neat feinter and stopper!
Like "CHARLIE," he's all round the ring; doesn't relish in-fighting, that's certain;
He has a light mouse on one eye, and the other has put up the curtain.
The "Pump," well, he won't be denied; if he lands a fair spank on the dial,
It's likely to be a "knock-out;" so the "Novice" of caution makes trial;
The "Pump," is a terrible thumper, but is he the stoutest of stayers?
Close? Not if he knows it, our Novice. A wrinkle he takes from TOM SAYERS.
Down easy, means down without damage; a dodge that is often employed, boys;
And so when our Novice is pressed, he "gets cleverly down to avoid," boys!

* * * * * * *

"No Tory can be more Tory than are some of the Dissentient Liberals," says the *Daily News*. Of course; the fact is No-toryous.

LAT-IN FOR A SPEECH!

THE following letter was picked up last week in Trinity College, Cambridge, shortly after the conferment of honorary degrees on Prince ALBERT VICTOR, Lord SALISBURY, and other distinguished personages. If it doesn't speak for itself, *Mr. Punch* declines to speak for it. It seems to be addressed to the Professor of Latin in the University:—

DEAR MAYOR,—Kindly look at the enclosed draft of my forthcoming address in introducing the new L.L.D.'s to the Chancellor. I want particularly to know if the *Latin is all correct*—and of course you, from your official position, are the right person to tell me *that*. I flatter myself the address will cause a sensation; but, if you don't approve, would you just send me a few hints as to what *you* would say under the same distressing circumstances? (N.B.—Don't put in *too* much JUVENAL!) Yours,

St. John's Coll. J. E. S-ND-S.

NOBILISSIME CANCELLARI,

PRIMUM eminentem Tumorem quem habeo presentare ad te est Princeps ALBERTUS VICTOR, "Ingenui vultûs puer, ingenuique pudoris," ut dicit Latinum Grammarium. (Query—How about the "puer"?—will this be thought *cheek?* If so, please substitute some other word.) Pater ejus est Princeps BALÆNARUM, et est facile princeps, primus inter pares, et e pluribus unum. (Rather eloquent that, I fancy?) Sumus læti videre suam Regalem Altitudinem hic ad præsens, et essemus lætiores si ALEXANDRA (Query—Too familiar?) venisset cocum. (Better than "cum eo"? Shows *style.*)

Secundus est Marquis SALISBURII, Primus Ministrus. Illum recipio libenter, ut collegam mei, et fratrem nam ambo sumus oratores, ego Publicus, ille (I thought I'd better bring in *some* allusion to the Licensing Clauses, if possible) Publicanus! Nomen nobilis Marcujus est celeberrimum. Igitur solum dicam de eo.—(I think it's best to end up with a poetical quotation. Don't you?)—

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

Nunc, O Cancellarius, RANDOLPHUM CHURCHILLIUM, virum gravem, ad te introduco. Quum video nobilem Marquem SALISBURII et RANDOLPHUM in eodem loco, fio enthusiasticus, et compellor exfrangere ut sequitur—O Gemini! (Any danger of people thinking this vulgar?) O Magni Twin-Fratres! Quomodo speramus ut ante longum tempus tu, RANDOLPHE, rursus eris Membrum Dominationis (rather neat for "Government," eh?); nam Campus (Query—good Latin for "the country"?) non potest progressere sine te. Non audeo decidere si tu es optime aptatus ("fitted"—Latin again?) esse Cancellarius Exchequeri, Indicus Scriba, Domesticus Scriba, Dominator-Generalis, vel potius Premier. Egomet (query—conceited?) sum inclinatus dicere ut omnes hi loci, *eodem tempore*, sunt tuus proprius spherus, et tu, probabiliter, putas eandem rem. Nemo alius est tam modestus, tam eminentè consistens, tam doctus, et tam courteosus ad opponentes. Ut poeta canit.

Ibam forte viâ Sacrâ, sicut meus est mos.
In conclusione, tu potes dicere de Parliamentariis bellis,
Quorum pars magna fui!

(would "pars quarta" do better?) cum veritate.

Hic est (query—bald?) Earlus ROSEBERII. Nescio quia Universitas gaudet honorare eum, sed sine dubio est pro ejus profundâ doctrinâ. Habet elegantem oratoricum stylum, et olim fuit Indorum patronus (can't get any nearer to "sportsman" than this—not bad, eh? Now for a tag of poetry)— O ubi Campi

(*i.e.* the *fields* of horses, you see!)

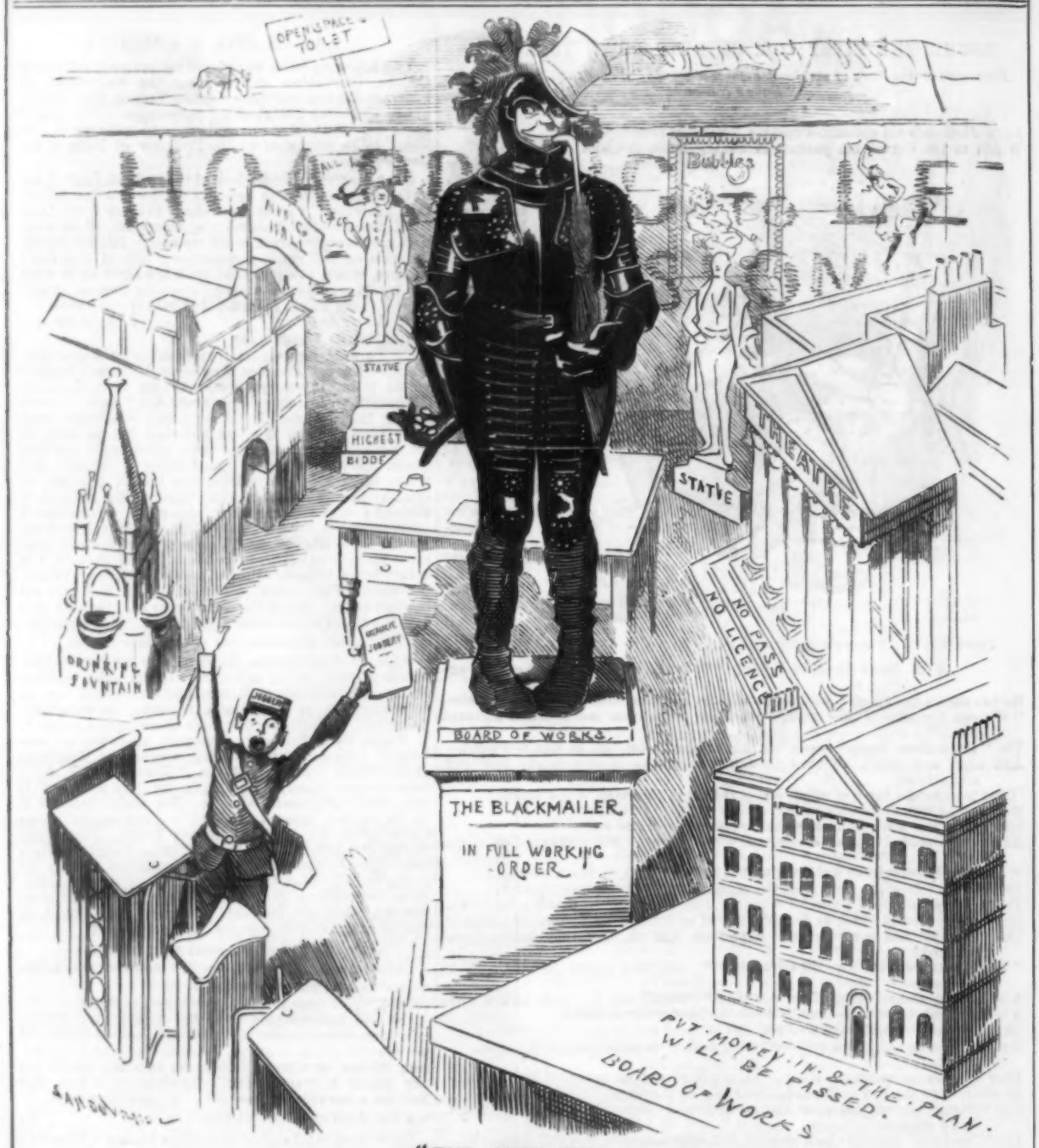
Spercheusque (*Ascot*) et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Taygete (*Goodwood—why not?*)!

GOSCHENUS est proximus, "inexorabilis, acer" custos publicarum divitiarum. Ut SALLUSTIUS habet id, "De *non* largiundo gloriam adeptus est."

Alios graves viros, O Cancellari, introduco simul, et sine plure Latino—(O fortunati nimium, sua si bona nôrint!)—ut non possum producere aptas quotationes omnes dies longa. Ut HORATIUS dicit—

Quid Cantabridgiæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.

(*I.e.*, I can't go on exaggerating their virtues for ever—does this sound *churlish?* Then I should end up with about ten lines out of the Prosody or the Gradus,—nobody'll notice them, and they'll *sound* learned. Tell me what you think of the above, *candidly.*)



"THE JOBBERIES;"

OR, THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS MAKING AN EXHIBITION OF ITSELF.

VOLUNTEERING A SUGGESTION.—What! "Cut down a hundred trees in Richmond Park," for the sake of making a Volunteer holiday of one fortnight in the year! Perish the Thought! Rather let the Volunteers "cut their stick" themselves to Altcar, or Epsom Downs, or "Anywhere, Anywhere" outside the radius. Let the Volunteers have a nice place to themselves at Aldershot, for example, where the tag-rag and bobtail of London are not likely to visit them, and where festivities will be less the order of the day than strict attention to business. Should the Crystal Palace Company want to realise, wouldn't their grounds suit the Volunteers as a permanent Camp? The Sydenhamites, who are accustomed to Odd Fellows' *Fêtes* and Fireworks, would be less likely to object to Volunteer Rifle Practice than Richmondians. But this year, and for the last time, the Wolunteers are at Wimbledon.

AT THE PARNELL BANQUET AU CAFÉ ROYAL, was a Pike the first course, and a Revolver the *pièce de résistance?* The Clan-na-Gaël will probably entertain themselves at a quiet party of Irish-American *confrères*, each of whom will subscribe his dinner-mite. The meeting is likely to go off with *éclat*.

"MIGHT BE WORSE!"

First Jolly Angler (peckish after their walk). "GOT THE SANDWICHES AND——"
Second Jolly Angler (diving into creel). "OH, YES, HERE THEY ARE, ALLRIGHT, AND HERE'S THE WHISK——BUT——TUT-T-T, BY JOVE!—I'VE FORGOTTEN THE FISHING-TACKLE!!"
First Jolly Angler. "OH, NE' MIND—WE'LL GET ALONG QUITE WELL WITHOUT *THAT!*"

THE CIVIL YOUNG 'BUS-DRIVER.

[The Driver once would rudely chaff, or bid you go to Hades,
If you ventured on a mild remark about his "off" or "near" 'oss;
But the happy introduction of those garden-seats for ladies,
Emollit mores (even *his*) *nec sinit esse feros!*]

AIR—"*The Jolly Young Waterman.*"

AND did you not hear of a civil young 'Bus-driver,
Who from Blackfriars his trade used to ply?
He handled his reins with such skill and dexterity,
Utterly winning each feminine eye.
He looked so smart, and he tooled so steadily,
The ladies all climbed to his roof right readily;
For since the young rogues found the garden-seats there,
His 'Bus never wanted a feminine fare.

What sights of nice girls on his roof-seats he welcomed,
His 'Bus was so clean and well-painted withal;
He was on the best terms with the gay City damsels
Who wanted to Wandsworth to go, or Vauxhall.
Of old the 'Bus-drivers were given to jeering
And chaffing, and rather too frequently "beering;"
But now they behave with politeness and care,
Since those garden-seats brought them the fair sex for fare.

Dear me! just to think now how strangely things happen!
'Bus-Jarvies of old were a nuisance to all;
But their roofs are invaded by lady-fares charming,
And straightway our Jehu is courtesy's thrall.
His language of old was a shame and a sorrow;
But now how politely he 'll wish you good-morrow!
His mien and his manners are most debonair
Since those garden-seats gave him the fair sex for fare!

"THE ORLANDO."—What an inappropriate name for a ship! Alter *Orlando* to *O'er-sea-o.*

"CONSULE PLUNKET."

THE First Commissioner of Works (Chief Ædile not "Consul"—but the quotation applies) has shown a tender care for the nest of the Fly-catcher in Rotten Row. The tree is protected by an iron rail, and the bird is as carefully watched by the police as if she were a dynamiter hatching a plot. The Right Hon. DAVID is evidently a man of sentiment. As an old bird—not quite a Nestor, but, so far, a Bird-Nestor—not to be caught with chaff, he has a sympathy with the little hen who is "up a tree," and whose sittings are temporarily of longer duration than those of the House of Commons. If the House of "Commons" were worthy of its name, it would give further consideration to open spaces for ill-used Equestrians, and, with the assistance of "George Ranger" (who chiefly patronises Battersea Park for his morning exercise) would open spaces across Kensington Gardens, demolish the sunk fence, and give another ride across Hyde Park.

If the placid Equestrians were Radical Rioters or Noisy Salvationists, every attention possible would be paid to their modest requirements; but as they do not assemble in their thousands, and neither rant and roar under the Reformers' Oak, nor threaten Revolution, nor demolish railings, they are treated as a "feeble folk," like "the coneys," or trodden upon as bruised worms which have only the poor space of Rotten Row to turn in. Certainly, except, perhaps, for the Early Christian Martyrs-to-over-feeding, and for riding-masters with pupils, Rotten Row is about the Rottenest Ride to be found in any civilised Metropolis; and Livery London, and every "poor beggar on horseback," ought to protest against its insufficiency. The life of a squirrel in a cage teems with pleasing variety as compared with the very-un-merry-go-round-about course to which the Rotten Rovers are condemned.

Ask for the plans for new rides which were in the departmental pigeon-holes to which we alluded last week. Let First Commissioner of Works, DAVID, stronger in faith than in works, go out against the Philistine Giant, Tie-Wig-and-Red-Tape, and his victory is assured beforehand.

W. B.'S LEGGINGS.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's mural advertisement of *Ben-my-chree* is worth noticing. If *Ben-my-chree* were a Ballet, then this display of legs would be intelligible to the meanest capacity; but it isn't a Ballet. As there are only three weeks more for these Legs to run at the Princess's, the picture might be supposed to have some reference to the piece being on its last legs; in which case it must have had six or eight legs to start with. We're quite aware that these Legs, alive and kicking, are the Manx Arms, adopted for this occasion only by Wilson Barrett, who may wish to show that the present state of *Ben-my-chree* makes him Manxious.

"His Last Legs."

In the advertisements which we would suggest to W. B. for his last two-week legs, the "chree" would be omitted, and only "Ben-my" remain, or it may be read "My Ben," which will recommend itself to the theatrical mind, and we hope the last one, *the* "Ben,"—short for "Benefit,"—will be a real good one. The above advertisement is not patented, and with great pleasure we make it a present to Ben-my-Barrett. But there is one thing most remarkable and most worthy of imitation in this form of advertisement, and that is the self-effacement of the actor himself; for it is clearly, though symbolically, a portrait of Mr. No-Body.

His Next Advertisement.

His Last.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 11.—Ministers working Richard Temple a little too hard. From time immemorial been Parliamentary usage for Government of day, desiring to bring out certain information, to select Member to take apparently independent action, either by way of moving Resolution, or putting Question. The Agent must necessarily be man of perfect innocency of character. On Liberal side, Dillwyn often been used by Grand and Wily Old Man to put convenient questions. On Conservative side, Temple the very man—Indian Temple, as some call him; Lord Pagoda as he will be known when he goes to the Peers; The Taj, as Gorst always calls him, in recognition of his structural beauty.

The Taj seen with moonlight effect the other night, when put up to move Amendments, behind which Government might retire from dangerous position in connection with Cantonments Acts in India. To-night the afternoon sun gilds snow-white towers as The Taj rises to ask Georgie Hamilton whether he has noticed latest declaration of Our Only General on arrangements for Invasion of England? Oddly enough, Hamilton *has* seen remarks; still more surprising, is prepared with lengthy detailed statement in reply. So fortunate he should have done this! Last felicitous touch given by discovery that manuscript is in his breast-pocket. So produces it. Reads with keen delight its pointed passages. Takes up that modest work, *The Soldier's Pocket-Book*. By reference to its pages, convicts Our Only General of error. Quite a treat to hear the gentle Georgie refer to book by its homely title. "*The Soldier's Pocket-Book!*" he repeats wherever name may be dragged in.

The Taj.

"Never realised till this morning," said Bartelot, "how much venomous contempt could be expressed by simple citation of the title of a book."

A pretty scene, in which The Taj played his part with dignity and discretion.

A steady night's work in Committee on the Local Government Bill. Crowded benches, earnest, useful debate. Only one note of discord when Curzon of Cambourne turns up, and moves futile Amendment. Members bound to sit by whilst Conybeare makes speech, and must needs divide at his sweet will. But no one will take part in discussion, and, after a while, the Curzon goes home to roost.

Business done.—In Committee on Local Government Bill.

Tuesday Night.—"I remember," said Old Morality, trying to keep pace with Ritchie, walking home across Palace Yard, "when I was at school writing in my copy-book, 'Punctuality is the Thief of Time.' Wish now we hadn't been so punctual in announcing withdrawal of Licensing Clauses."

"Pooh, pooh!" said Ritchie. "Had to be done some time. Might as well do it at once."

"Not so sure," said Smith, wearily. "There's another reminiscence of my youth, 'Never do To-day what you can put off till To-morrow.' If we hadn't shaken things up at the Morning Sitting, perhaps we should have been better off in the evening. Can't stand many of these experiences. What does the copy-book say? Forget exact phrase, but something to the effect that unintermitted distillation of fluid upon a stony substance will in process of time diminish its superficial area."

Truly not a cheerful day for Government. At Morning Sitting withdrew Licensing Clauses of Local Government Bill. Last night Old Morality, with his hand on his heart, declared that there was absolutely no foundation for report that Government had decided to abandon the Clauses.

"Then do you mean to go on with them?" asked Caine.

"Certainly, Sir," said Old Morality.

"Come, come, now," said Sir John Mowbray, when, this afternoon, Clauses abandoned. "Don't you think that for a moral man this is a little ——, eh?"

"Certainly not," said Old Morality, flush of virtuous indignation mantling his brow. "When I said we would certainly go on with Clauses it was Monday. Answer strictly limited to the day. This is Tuesday, and you get fresh answer. I can assure the House I am animated solely by sense of public duty. My only desire is to meet the convenience of the House and further the great interests of the public service."

"Come, come, now!"

At evening sitting Jennings moved Resolution condemning reorganisations in public departments. Georgie Hamilton defended system. Showed conclusively that best way to save public money is from time to time pension off all servants over thirty-two years of age, getting fresh relays. Charlie Beresford, hitching up his trousers and saluting First Lord, told him that he "might reorganise till he was blue in the face. Nothing would come of it as long as present system existed."

Old Morality appealed to nobler instincts of Jennings not to press Motion to a Division. Position critical. Whips caught napping. Evidently not a hundred men in hand. Midnight sounded from Big Ben. If only debate could be kept going for another half hour! Messengers, scouring the Clubs, might bring in reinforcements. Arthur O'Connor evidently going to make speech. Anxious faces on Treasury Bench beamed gratefully upon him. Nothing known of him justified belief that he would talk for less than half an hour. O'Connor on his feet; sigh of relief from Treasury Bench.

"Sir," said O'Connor, "I move that the question be now put."

The Closure, ah! the Closure! Old Morality remembered something he had read or written out about danger of playing with tools sharpened on both sides. Often wielded the Closure; now cut at him. No appeal. House divided, and Ministry defeated by 113 votes against 94.

"Often heard Arthur O'Connor speak," said Wilfrid Lawson, coming in just in time for Division, "but I never heard a more eloquent or effective oration than this last."

Business done.—Looks as if it was beginning of the end of the Government's.

Wednesday.—Discussing through afternoon Law of Libel. Algernon Borthwick brought in Bill to amend it. Capital measure as first introduced. But Lord Chancellor and Home

SECRETARY something to say on subject. Neither has particular reason to be fond of newspapers.

"So demn'd impertinent!" said MANTALINI MATTHEWS.

"Awful," said HALSBURY. "Don't remember either side ever said good word for me since I took to political life. Won't even admire my portrait in the Royal Academy. Say it's libellously like me. What I say is, keep things as hot as we can for 'em. What do people want with penny papers? Haven't they got the Law Reports? Must put up ATTORNEY-GENERAL to oppose everything useful in Bill."

So hacked at BORTHWICK's Bill till most good things taken out. A difficult position for BORTHWICK, having prejudices to square in high quarters, and on t' other side to meet impatient snorting from people who think an important Bill can be carried through the House as easily as a walking-stick. Blustering would have spoiled game. BORTHWICK didn't bluster. Worked hard and patiently. Got a very good Bill through. Has earned thanks of all connected with Newspaper Press.

Business done.—Libel Law Amendment Bill through Committee.

Thursday.—Another long night in Committee on Local Government Bill. Benches full; everybody in earnest; thorough business spirit abroad; no long speeches; Member says what he has to say, and sits down; others, in succession, state their view, and Amendment withdrawn, or divided upon; not lively from a spectacular point of view, but, in other ways, admirable.

Exhausting shift for RITCHIE. At the helm for over seven hours, with no watch below. No rest in Committee for the Pilgrim of the Local Government Board. Must be on the alert from moment COURTNEY takes Chair till Progress reported. RITCHIE equal to occasion; always ready; unruffled; puts on no side; ever courteous, and as firm as circumstances permit. Right man in right place, which is a comfort for the House, seeing that it's likely to be in Committee for at least six weeks.

Business done.—Local Government Bill in Committee.

House of Lords, Friday.—Lord MEATH doesn't date his letters from Travellers' Club for nothing. Been taking Walks in London. Discovered series of astonishing things. Yesterday wanted to know about open space near Law Courts. Lord CHANCELLOR snubbed him for presuming to suggest it might be laid out for public gardens. Undaunted, the belted Earl reappeared half an hour later, wanting to know whether the Government would not plant some trees in open space in front of British Museum? Another snub. To-day, comes up smiling. Wants to know how long ungainly wooden railing in Piccadilly Circus is to remain.

"How long, my Lords, how long?" he cried, throwing up his arms in approved fashion of despair.

CARLINGFORD sits, a little dazed at noble friend's versatility.

Amazing!

"No one can say where he will break out on Monday, having had Saturday and Sunday for fresh Walks."

Business done.—Local Government Bill again in Committee in Commons.

On a Recent Episode in Court.

(*By L-rd Ch-f J-st-ce O-l-r-dge.*)

WHY call yourself "MORDAUNT," your name being MOSES?"
Why alter your names when you can't change your noses?

"I DO not understand," observed Mrs. RAM, "the plan of commencing dinner with some Russian Cavalier spread on small pieces of toast." Her nephew, who had been in Australia, observed that when there was nothing better to be got, he used to eat cakes known as "dampers." "Ah!" observed Mrs. R., struck by the name, "I suppose they're called so because they're a 'whet' to the appetite."

"WADY HALFA RAILWAY."—Sir R. WATKIN wanted to know if this was abandoned, or not? Evidently it's not finished—it never can be more than Half-a Railway. Why ask questions?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 11.—*Faust* and Foremost. NORDICA, the two POLES, and TREBELLI being the foremost. House crowded. Calls and bouquets after Second and Third Acts. WAGSTAFF says, appropriate flowers for a bouquet to be presented to a *prima donna* taking a call, would be Cally-flowers. WAGSTAFF oughtn't to be admitted.

Tuesday.—RAVELLI the Reliable resting. *Rigoletto* given without him. He deserves several bars' rest. Apology made for Madame MELBA on account of hoarseness. Everyone is a little hoarsey in Ascot week. *Apologia pro voce sud* quite unnecessary apparently, Madame MELBA being in magnificent voice. She brings down the house—quite a Samsonian feat—and is recalled after the First Act tumultuously. She can act as well as sing. Signor D'ANDRADE very good as *Rigoletto*. Once decidedly flat, but that is when he is prostrated, quite knocked over by his grief, so that his voice goes in sympathy with his emotion. Madame SCALCHI is *Maddalena*. Signor GUILLE, as *Il Duca*, reminds me of the fat boy in *Pickwick* when amorously inclined towards *Mary* the housemaid. There is no accounting for feminine taste, but when *Gilda* tells her father how

"Each Sunday whilst I went
To Church, my prayers to say,"
(Good little *Gilda!*)

"A youth of heavenly beauty"
(*i.e.* Signor GUILLE, as *Il Duca*)
"Did follow on our way,"

I confess that the peculiar fascination exercised by this stout *Lothario* over the youthful and devout victim is inexplicable, though it might not perhaps be so had she known that he was a Duke in disguise. I'm afraid that as it was she must have been considerably distracted during the service, and she couldn't have told anybody afterwards what the sermon was about. And all this for a little piping bullfinch of a lover who, as represented by Signor GUILLE, is more of a *Tracy Tupman* undersized than a Tenor. Our stout little friend, the *tenore robusto*, succeeds as a singer, though he doesn't get an *encore* for "*La Donna é mobile*," but as a Fancy Fascinator he is not, so to speak, "in it." BAUERMEISTER the Benevolent not resting like RAVELLI the Reliable. Couldn't both be spared on the same night. Sad story—*Rigoletto*. Always feel melancholy at the finish. Sorry *Il Duca* escapes, but such is life. *The* quartette *encored*, and deservedly so. The conductor with the sherry-white-wine sort of name, Signor MANCINELLI, has band and choruses well in hand. *Mise-en-scene* worthy of Augustan Operatic Era. Mr. CHARLES HALL, Q.C., M.P., who ought to be at Cambridge receiving degrees *honoris causâ*, weeps over the hard fate of *Gilda*, and Lord LATHOM wipes his lorgnettes. Not a dry eye in the house. Dry throats though. Emotional grief makes anti-Lawsonites of us all.

Wednesday.—Hail, Columbia! *L'Africaine* is the Opera, and Mlle. COLUMBIA is the *remplaçante* of Mme. NORDICA. NORDICA resting like RAVELLI. Quite right. Hope "the Balm of Columbia" (whatever that may be—probably something for the hair—never say dye) will restore her. Why won't LASSALLE (fine voice, fine actor, too,—"Avast, there, Messmate!" says the noble Tar, C. B. "He has a magnificent compass." C. B. is a judge of compasses) make up as a real nigger? I don't mean in collars, but in colour. At all events, why isn't he a villain of the deepest mahogany dye? The boarding of the ship by the members of the Savage Club more spirited than last week, when, instead of being untutored Savage boarders, they were as polite and mild as parlour boarders. The two Poles first-rate. The "Artless Thing," Miss MCINTYRE, looking more astonished than ever at her exceptional success as *Inez*. No encores. Evidently not offered lest they should be taken and Opera be prolonged beyond midnight. "Aye, Aye, my hearties!" says Lord CHARLES. "Belay *encores!* avast encoring! Why, my dear eyes, the other Saturday night the last Act of *The Huguenots* was heaved overboard to lighten the ship, for all the world as if it had been a Compensation Clause." Mr. HALL, not CHARLES, "His friend," Q.C., but HALL, B. O., with *Gardenia Gladstonia* in his buttonhole—known here as Floral HALL—wants to know why "Mr. G." doesn't pay the Opera a visit. Mr. CHAPLIN, of Italian Organising Committee explains that "G. O. M. might select a night when Trove-a-tory was being played, and wouldn't like it."

Saturday.—A "Nicht wi' WAGNER." Splendid performance of *Lohengrin*. No applause permitted, except between Acts, as WAGNER's work mustn't be interrupted. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, as the Knight from Swansea, superb, well worthy of ALBANI as *Elsa*, and "No one Else Sir can do it as she can." (WAGSTAFF *passim*.) Madame HASTREITER musically and dramatically powerful as the Orful *Ortrude*, and NAVARRINI equally so as the Hateful *Harold*. M. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ every inch a King, and acts as such. Signor MANCINELLI—pronounced *Marnchinally*, not like the wine *Mansinilla*—shows how perfect the orchestra can be. Crowded and enthusiastic house. "Floral HALL," decorated with *Gardenia Gladstonensis*, breathes again, in consequence of liberal supply of Ayr. *Lohengrin* must be repeated more than once with same cast. DRURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS takes additional title of "*Coventus Horticulturus*." Italian Organising Committee devising laurel crown.

EFFECT OF GARDEN-SEATS ON DRIVERS AND CONDUCTORS.

"Omnibuses conduxisse cum pulchris puellis
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."—(*See p.* 291.)

"THE VIGIL."

"Verse-moi dans le cœur, du fonds de ce tombeau
Quelque chose de grand, de sublime et de beau!"
Hernani, Act IV., Scene 2.

THE prayer of CHARLES, that rose amidst the gloom
Of the dead CHARLEMAGNE'S majestic tomb,
Might fitly find an echo on the lips
Of the young Prince, whose pathway death's eclipse
Hath twice eushadowed in so brief a space.
Grandsire and Sire! Stout slip of a strong race,
Valiant old age and vigorous manhood fail,
And leave youth, high with hope, with anguish pale,
In vigil at their tomb! Watch on, and kneel,
Those clenched hands crossed upon the sheathed steel.
Not lightly such inheritance should fall.
Hear you not through the gloom the glorious call
Of Valour, Duty, Freedom? Death but late
Smote, at the crown and top of patriot state,
The age-unshaken Sovereign, whose white crest
Bore up against the years. Now, ere the test
Of twelve short moons his strenuous soul had tried,
Through fierce affliction, borne with patient pride,
In brave mid-manhood promise-full, and pure
In honour opulent, in love secure,
Passes the gallant Prince Germania hoped,
With the great burden of her fate had coped
For many a peaceful, progress-laden year.
Fallen, like some old knight in full career,
Dead on the field of honour, gripping close
The weapon, Duty, which not mailed foes,
Nor pain's insidious stress, could force or steal
From the firm hand that served the spirit leal.
A Drama here, of Kings, not low or base,
But of heroic strain!
And youth must face
What snowy age and stalwart manhood found
A weight of sorrow, though with splendour crowned.
Young HOHENZOLLERN, soldierly of soul,
Heaven fix your heart on a yet nobler goal
Than sword may hew its way to. Those you mourn
Heroes of the Great War when France was torn
With Teuton shot, knew that the sword alone
May rear, but shall not long support a throne.
WILLIAM has passed, bowing his silver crest,
Like an old Sea King going to his rest;
FREDERICK, in fullest prime, with failing breath,
But as heroic heart, has stooped to death:
Here, at their tomb, another Emperor keeps
His vigil, whilst Germania bows and weeps.
Heaven hold that sword unsheathed in that young hand,
And crown with power and peace the Fatherland!

TOURISTS' TALK.

From the Very Latest Conversational Handbook.

I LIKE these foreigners; but when I inquire of this inhabitant of this quaint and picturesque old town the nearest way to the ramparts, why does he regard me with such a sinister scowl?

The view of the sea from this position is perfectly delightful, and but for those five men creeping stealthily towards me under the shadow of that bastion, the spot would be quite secluded.

Why, when I begin to make a pencil-sketch of that bathing-machine in my pocket-book, am I suddenly sprung upon from behind, seized by the collar, and hurled to the bottom of this ditch?

It is a curious fact that when I expostulate, and threaten them that I will write to the *Times*, the five men who are holding me down only reply by shouting, "*A bas le Prussien!*"

Ha! here is a company of soldiers coming, probably, to my assistance.

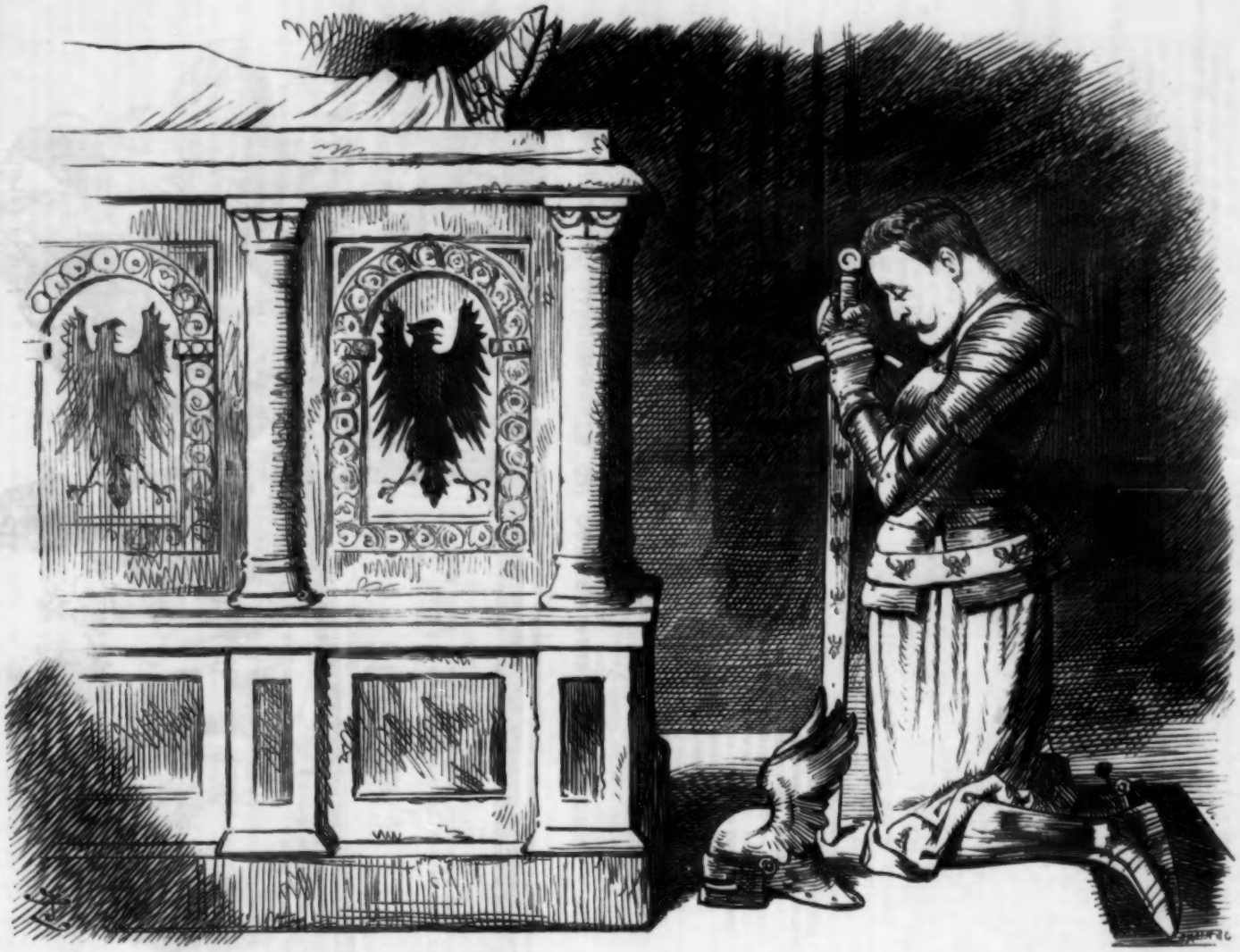
Strange to say, I cannot persuade the officer in command that the *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* found in my coat-pocket is not a Dictionary of German cipher.

I will try to explain to him that my Scotch Tweed travelling suit is not the undress uniform of a Colonel of Prussian Hussars.

What is there about me that should make the mob, as I am marched through the streets, howl and jeer at me as if I were some captured wild beast?

This five hours' detention in a dungeon infested with rats, though, no doubt, a necessary, is by no means a pleasing experience.

I think I have almost succeeded in explaining in pantomime to the Commissary of Police that the photograph of my uncle the Queen's Counsel, taken in his wig and gown, that they have abstracted from



"THE VIGIL."

my pocket-book, is not a striking likeness of Prince BISMARCK, arrayed in his robes as Chancellor of the German Empire.

His dismissing me summarily with the remark that my conduct was "calculated to arouse international susceptibilities, and that I had better take care to be more cautious in future," does not somehow compensate me for my arrest, incarceration, and eight hours' loss of liberty.

Much as I like these foreigners, I think, under the circumstances, I shall leave their quaint picturesque old town by the very next steamboat that starts for England.

VOCES POPULI.

AT A CONCERT.

SCENE.—*The Box-Office, a few minutes before the hour at which little* Master POUSHKIN POPONANOFF, *the very latest, youngest, and smallest of Precocious Pianists, has announced his Morning Concert. Music-loving Public besieging pigeon-hole.*

Clerk (*in answer to several frantic appeals*). All the shilling seats are gone long ago.

Applicants (*imploringly*). But there's standing-room, surely? We don't mind, as long as we can get in!

Clerk (*relenting*). It's just possible there may be a few inches left at the back—you can go in and see, if you like.

[*Applicants pass in gratefully, to stand patiently, for two hours and a half, in a tropical climate.*

IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.

Polite Attendant (*to a Strong-minded Matron, who insists on standing with her numerous family in the gangway between the five-shilling seats*). I really must ask you to go further back, Madam—your tickets were for the shilling seats—you have no right to block the passage here.

The S. M. There's no room in the shilling seats. I have brought my family all the way from Haverstock Hill, on purpose to hear little POUSHKIN, and it's not likely I shall go away now.

[*The* Polite A. *summons two other* P. A.'s., *who urge the propriety of retiring.*

The S. M. (*with spirit*). If those are your orders, execute them! I am only a woman, with these defenceless children, but I warn you that I will yield to nothing but superior force—you will have to drag us out! [*The* P. A.'s *smile at one another feebly, and remain irresolute, with the bearing of baffled tyrants at a minor theatre.*

The S. M. (*following up her advantage*). Then perhaps you will let us have some programmes?

[*The* P. A.'s *supply her meekly, and retire in discomfiture, leaving the* S. M. *and her family, flushed but triumphant, in undisputed possession.*

Musical Amateur in Stall (*consulting programme*). Nothing very new, I see. How often I've heard LISZT play that Rhapsody? But it will really be very curious and instructive to see how this child takes it. I hear some of his renderings are quite original.

Little Master POUSHKIN *appears on platform, and is received with tumultuous applause.*

Enthusiastic Person (*who has read up an account of an interview with Youthful Pianist in the paper*). *Isn't* he sweet? Such perfect self-possession! See, he has to have a little pair of steps to climb on the music-stool! Do you know he positively refuses to play a note unless they put one of his tin soldiers on the piano? I think that's so *charming* of him!

Herr Heumacher Sonnenschein (*in the front row, to his Infant Daughter, a still more surprising Phenomenon, who is coming out next week*). Remember, OTTILIE, you clap your hands the instant the first movement is over; but the flowers you will throw when I tell you.

A Mother, to Master Jacky (*who has just begun the piano, and has been brought here to rouse his ambition*). *Now*, JACKY, you see what a little boy can do when he tries.

Jacky (*who has instantly conceived a violent aversion to the Y. P.*) It's all very fine, but I'd like to see him sit down to play some of my scales—he wouldn't look so cocky *then!*

Governess (*improvingly, to Spectacled School-girl*). Just think, my dear MILLIE, how he must have *practised* to be able to play like this!

The S. S. (*with a shudder*). It's too awful to think of!

The Enth. Person. His playing is simply too wonderful! I like him better than little HEUMANN, or even HOFFNER—he's much *prettier!*

Discriminating P. Well, he has less firmness than young HEUMANN, but more dash; less delicacy, perhaps, than little HOFFNER, but he makes up for that in feeling; and, besides, he's their junior by several years.

A Connoisseur. I assure you I've heard that "Starlight Symphony" played by all the first pianists in Europe, and not one of them—not *one*—entered into the yearning discontent, the dreamy despair, the hopeless passion, with such feeling and perfect comprehension as this little POUSHKIN—a child of seven and a half, Sir—marvellous!

[*End of First Part;* Master POUSHKIN *skips off with evident relief, and is recalled again and again, amidst rapturous plaudits. Little* Miss OTTILIE *throws her flowers when no one is looking, and they fall unnoticed, under the piano, to the intense annoyance of her parent, who had counted upon a paragraph in the papers.*

The Matron with the Family (*to Male occupants of Stalls*). *Might* I ask you kindly to allow my daughters to take your seats for a short time? They are quite unused to standing so long... Thank you, *so* much!

[*Male occupants rise, and feeling a delicacy in reclaiming their seats, remain standing for remainder of performance.*

The Enth. Person. They say little POUSHKIN spends the intervals in playing with his Noah's Arks and sucking sweets. Here he comes again! Look, his little cheek is quite bulged out. I shouldn't wonder if he had a bull's-eye in it. Isn't he a *duck?* Do you notice how he always sticks his little legs straight out when he comes to the *Scherzo?*

The Concert concludes by little POUSHKIN *taking the lead in a trio with two full-grown performers as his foils. More recalls, general* furore, *subsiding, as the audience breaks up, into calmer criticism.*

First Caviller. After all, you know, I think I prefer DE PACHMANN. This boy took the *Allegro* rather too slow, *I* thought.

Second Ditto. And it's so easy to substitute single notes for octaves. I don't call it legitimate, either, for *my* part.

An Unappreciated Genius. Too sickening, I call it, all this fuss about a kid! Why, I might play Mendelssohn and Chopin till I fell under the piano, and none of these people would give me a hand. *Would* they?

His Friend. Well, not unless you could get yourself up in a frock and bows.

Humble Friend (*to Wealthy Patroness*). Well, my dear, I always say just what I think, as you know, and I *do* say that your little EMMELINE plays with quite as much *correctness* as this little Russian boy, and *far* more brilliancy of execution.

The W. P. Do you really think so? Of course she has been thoroughly well taught—and, now I think of it, if you've nothing else to do to-morrow evening, you might like to come in about ten—I can't ask you to dinner, because our table is full, but——

[Humble Friend *feels herself rewarded.*

A Proud Mother. I've been thinking of such a charming plan, if we can only manage it. I wonder if we could get this little POUSHKIN to come to us one evening, and play that duet from *Zampa* with our JOSEPHINE—she's *very* nearly perfect in it now.

Herr Heumacher Sonnenschein (*to his Daughter*). By this time to-morrow week there shall be one little boy, my OTTILIE, with the nose out of joint.

Professional (*recognising juvenile* Ex-Phenomenon). And so you are no longer playing?

Ex-Phenom. I am too big become—I can now stretch the octave.

PLAYTIME AT THE LYCEUM.

Irving Measire and his little Wee Dog.

THE RANGE OF POSSIBILITY.

1871. Major WATKINS invents a range-finder of the greatest possible utility.
1872. War Office Officials consider experiments satisfactory.
1873. Somebody reports upon it.
1874. Someone else "hangs it up."
1875. No time this year to proceed with it.
1876. Someone forgets all about it.
1877. Nothing done. Stagnation.
1878. Inventor revives it.
1879. Inventor snubbed.
1880. More experiments and more successes.
1881. Invention again pigeon-holed.
1882. Still "under consideration."
1883. Invention declared perfection.
1884. Government uncertain.
1885. Matter further shelved.
1886. Somebody takes an interest in it.
1887. Duke of CAMBRIDGE looks at it.
1888. Invention purchased!

TYPICAL MODERN DEVELOPMENTS

GRANDMOTHER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER.

FOOD, FLOWERS, AND MYSTERY;

Or, The Nursery of the Strange and the Beautiful.

My Dear Editor,—You may remember that one day last week you sent for me in great trouble. You explained to me that you were very sad.

"You see," you observed, "the Managing Director of the Pine Apple Nurseries has addressed me officially, 'begging me to honour him with a visit to view the Company's Show of *Gloxinias* and other flowers in their Grand Conservatory.' This is a most reasonable request, and it cuts me to the heart to have to refuse it! Alas that I should be so busy!"

"But could you not be represented by a substitute?" I suggested, sympathetically.

"Eureka!" you shouted, absolutely beside yourself with joy. "Look at the letter of invitation! You notice either I am to come or 'any delegate I may appoint.' I will appoint you. Read the last paragraph in the letter of invitation—'*Luncheon will be provided at one o'clock.*' You hear, luncheon will be provided at one o'clock!"

"This is indeed kind!" I cried, almost choking with emotion; and then after a few whispered words I took my leave.

The next morning I hastened to the Pine Apple Nurseries. They seemed to me to be situated miles away from anywhere. In the cause of economy I patronised the Metropolitan Railway, two tram-cars, and an omnibus, and after taking several bad shots which resulted in hurried visits to Brompton and Hammersmith, landed myself in the neighbourhood of Kilburn. The Pine Apple Nurseries had several rivals which seemingly were more than successfully holding their own. To tell the truth I did not think much of the "*Gloxinias* and other flowers" belonging to the P. A. N. in the Grand Conservatory, but then I do not pretend to be much of a judge. This by the way.

Outside the grounds was a one-horse refreshment cart. Inside the glass house stood three melancholy-looking gentlemen seemingly on what soldiers call "the alert." Over the door of the Conservatory appeared an invitation to "customers" to enter and inspect the exhibits. I walked in, and the three gentlemen gave a little start on seeing me, as if they were not sure whether I was to be treated as a king, or a convict. However, I disappeared down a side-path, and was left in peace. There were some specimens of ferns and that sort of thing. I did not think much of what I saw, but then, as I have already admitted, I do not consider myself infallible on matters of horticulture. I returned to the entrance, and then one of the three gentlemen observing that "I had been round," let me out. So far I had seen and heard nothing of the luncheon, although its existence had been suggested by the one-horse refreshment-cart to which I have already referred. Once outside "the Grand Conservatory," I began a tour of inspection of a market garden which appeared to me of not very imposing proportions, and in the course of my journey came upon a building which seemed to be used for an office. Standing before it, I heard a pop, and looking through a window I found a luncheon, which presumably was the one promised "to be provided." A waiter in his shirt-sleeves had opened a bottle of wine. There was a table laid apparently for about a score of guests, and through the glass I could see an "arrangement in yellow," which did not seem to me to be very digestible. By-and-by, two of the gentlemen who I had noticed standing in the Grand Conservatory, entered the room accompanied by a lady, and took their seats. It was then I fancy that "the face at the window" was observed, and I thought it respectful to withdraw. I made my way once more to the entrance to the market garden, and was there accosted by the third gentleman who asked me, "if I was looking for anybody?"

Had not the Manchester Murderer been just apprehended, I fear that I might have been tempted to have declared that I was a detective searching for Jackson. Failing this excuse (the only one that on the spur of the moment occurred to me) I asked a question.

"Have many come to luncheon?"

"Well, no, Sir, not yet," replied my accoster in a tone in which I fancied I could trace a tinge of melancholy. "Not yet," he repeated, and then continued more hopefully, more cheerfully. "But then of course, they can choose their own time—we said one, but any time will do."

I did not ask who the "they" were, nor did I attempt to guess. I merely smiled a soft, genial, innocent smile. There was an awkward pause.

"Perhaps *you* would like some luncheon, Sir?" suggested my companion with high-bred courtesy, which filled me with admiration not unmixed with surprise.

I felt deep gratitude and considerable pride that I, a perfect stranger, should have been singled out for this magnificent display of hospitality.

"Thanks, no," said I, struggling with my emotion, "not to-day. Perhaps at some future date I may look in again."

And then I left him. He followed me with eyes in which there appeared to me to lurk some latent doubt. When I got to the gate, I asked the young man in charge of the one-horse refreshment cart if he could furnish me with the *Menu* of the apparently rather neglected feast. He said he could not. Under these circumstances I regret to report I can give you no further particulars. I can merely subscribe myself, My dear Editor, Yours with a sort of haughty humility,

A Representative of "Punch," not "Lunch."

Extract from "Evelyn(Ashley)'s Diary."

"*Saturday, June* 16.—Never liked bagpipes. Scotch Ayr out of tune to Government ears. So far as I am concerned, what could I have expected from appearing in the open Ayr but a good blow? Know what George Jokin will say, 'O that Ayr! and this ear!'"

MODEL BYE-LAWS.

(*Founded on a recent Appeal Court Case.*)

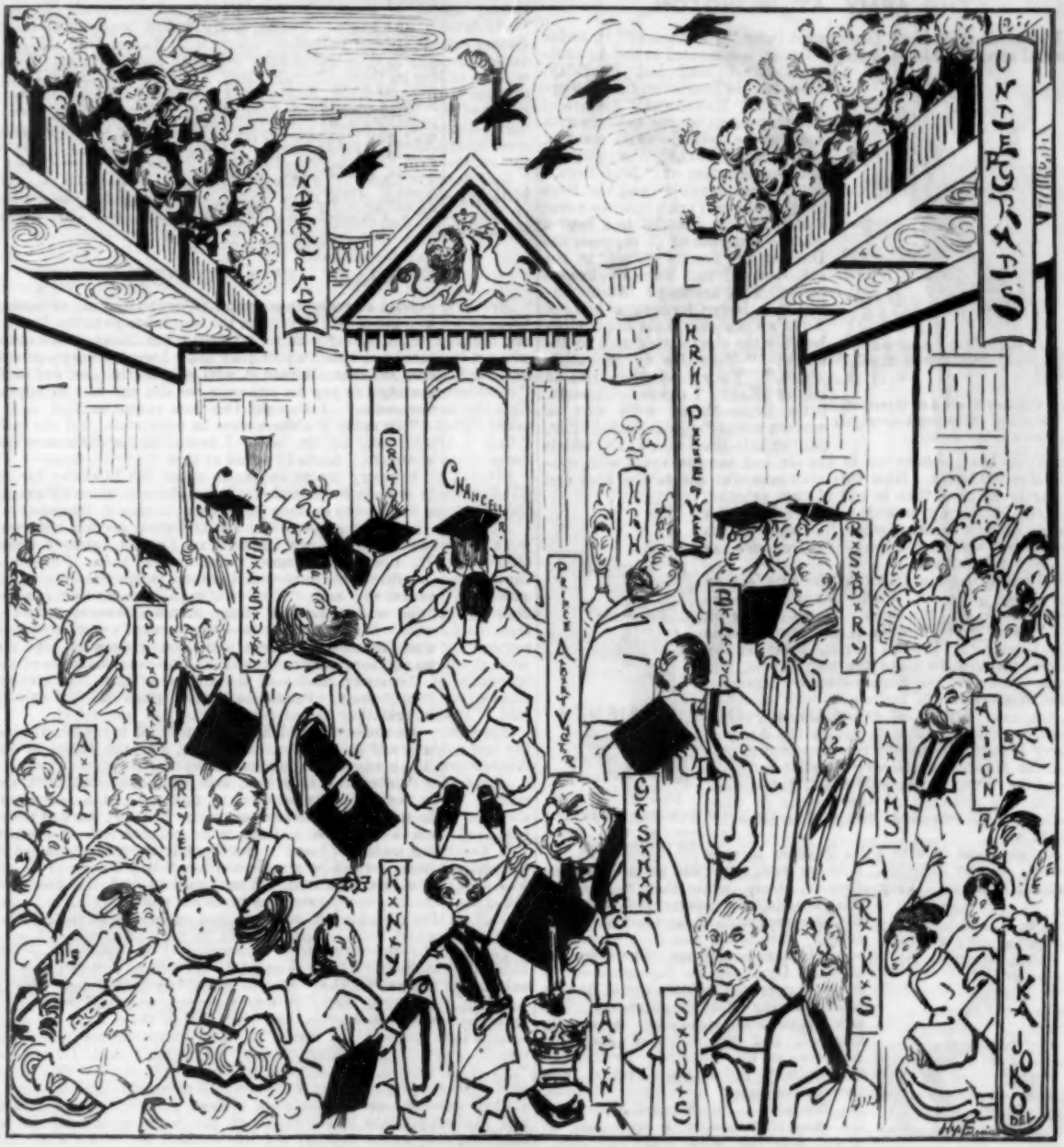
Every passenger must show his Vaccination Certificate on being required to do so by any servant of the Company; in default, he may be taken into the Station-Master's room and compulsorily vaccinated with any lymph that may be found on the premises, and in as many different places as may seem suitable to the said Station-Master.

Passengers needlessly communicating with the Guard by ringing the bell or pulling the cord, will be imprisoned and fined not less than five pounds. A Company neglecting to supply any means of communication at all, will not be liable to any fine whatever.

The servants of the Company have peremptory orders to admit nobody to a platform unless furnished with a ticket. Persons found without tickets on platforms will, unless the Station-Inspector and one or two Guards have been previously tipped, be caught by the scruff of the neck and ducked in the nearest horse-pond.

Travellers found riding in the coaches of the Company without tickets will, even if they give the most satisfac-

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 4.



SCARLET LETTER DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

View of H.R.H. Prince Victor and other Celebrities being Doctor'd in the Senate House. All felt a Degree better afterwards.

tory reasons for not having them, be treated as suspicious characters, knocked down and kicked, jumped upon, and then charged double the first-class fare from the station the train would have started from if the line had been carried five hundred miles beyond its existing terminus, and well into the Atlantic or German Oceans.

Ignorance of these Bye-laws will be considered an aggravation of any offence committed against them, rather than otherwise.

The Company are not, and will not be, responsible either for passengers' lives, liberty, or property, under any circumstances whatsoever.

The Company does not engage that the trains will either start or arrive as stated in the Official Time-tables, or that they will ever start or arrive at all. Passengers complaining of unpunctuality in the trains will be bound over in heavy sureties to keep the peace, and to come up for judgment when called upon.

First-class Passengers who, owing to want of room in the trains, are obliged to stand up in third-class carriages for their whole journey, will not be allowed any deduction on their tickets, but will be severely reprimanded on arriving at their destinations.

Third-class Passengers riding in First-class Carriages, on the excuse that "there is no room in the thirds," will be charged the ordinary first-class season fare for a whole year from the furthest station to which season tickets are issued, and will then be forcibly chucked out of the Company's premises.

THE ARMY AT ISLINGTON.

THE Military Musical Tournament (why "Tournament"?), under general superintendence of Major TULLY, commenced at the Agricultooral-looral Hall last Thursday. Crowd of old Pensioners in red (suggestive of HERKOMER's picture,—and they ought to sing a chorus with appropriate action,—shall mention this to Major TULLY), Navy Boys in blue—a collection of "Blue Boys," not GAINSBOROUGH's—and the Boys of the Duke of YORK's School—never knew till now that he had kept a school—and girls of (I suppose) the Duchess of YORK's School, in the galleries. If not Duke of YORK's School, what are they? All marching in a body; forming a Duke of YORK's Column. Girls applauding heartily the single-stick drill to the air of "*Meet Me by Moonlight Alone.*" Their evolutions remind me of KATTI LANNER. Splendid little Drum-Major, with sort of modern masher's gold-headed stick, pantomimic-size, which he whirls about his head, chucks up in the air, and catches again with considerable dexterity. How this stick-exercise assists the fifes and drums in keeping time is not at once evident. Perhaps it is only intended to frighten the enemy, on any occasion when the band has to go first into action, and the *chef d'orchestre* has to conduct the attack.

New Military System of Gymnastic Signalling. Showing a clean pair of heels to the enemy.

Old friend Captain DANN to the fore, giving the place quite an Anglo-Dannish appearance. He is still the same "hoarse soldier on foot." One great novelty is the new Athletic and Gymnastic Musical Drill, invented by Colonel ONSLOW, to make the men supple, and hence known as the Supple-mentary Exercise. Lord WOLSELEY will include it, with sketches, in the next edition of the *Soldier's Pocket-Book*. Anyone unable to review the Army at Merry Islington is hereby recommended to procure the *Illustrated Military Tournament*, published by WARNE. Fore-Warned, fore-armed. Notice the drawing of the swords in these pictures. Tournament (why Tournament?) continues.

New Musical Drill. Dandling the Baby,—practice most useful for the Infantry.

Soldiers come in with rifles in order to meet enemy. Enemy invisible. Soldiers stack rifles, and go in for attitudinising to music. Very effective. Only, while they're doing all this, wouldn't the enemy, if half sharp, steal a march on them, and bolt with their rifles? This is an idea that could only occur to a mere civilian. The Aldershot Military Gymnasts go through a lot of athletic exercises, which would have a most startling effect on an enemy. The new gymnastic signalling is greatly admired, and the corps of Aldershot Athletes, or the Bounding Brothers of the Gallant Indiarubbers, retire from the sawdust amid tumultuous plaudits. No bouquets. The Musical Ride, with the band play-tooning, is as popular as usual, finishing with "The Lancers." *Query.*—Of what use is the little flag on each lance? Is it intended to attract the enemy's attention, and then, when he's admiring it, and saying, "Oh, what a pretty flag!" does the Lancer who is "in touch" with him show him the point of the lance by way of explaining the point of the flag?

Romeo and Juliet Drill. Swearing eternal fidelity to imaginary Juliet in balcony above.

Very thirsty work; sawdust making me as husky as Captain DANN, so march from DANN to Beer-she-bar.

"Combined Display, under the direction of Colonel ONSLOW." Soldiers run in with property banks—London and Westminster Bank one side, old County Bank the other—canvas stream or coloured paper currency between the two. Palings and gate at one end of arena closing in rocky heights held by the enemy under the banner of PROBYN & Co., Refreshment Contractors. Bicyclists enter with rifles. Then British Army. They camp out,—light fires, and commence five-o'clock-tea. PROBYN & Co. (the enemy) watch proceedings from behind palings; when they see the opposition refreshments they cannot stand it any longer, and sally forth. Enemy (eight of them) shoot at five-o'clock-teaguards (green). Party broken up: bugle. British Army wakes, constructs bridge. Enemy retreat behind palisades—return with Maxim Gun and Nordenfeldt. Maxim Gun loaded with old saws and proverbs. Great wisdom in Maxim Gun. British Army, not to be outdone, suddenly produce HOTCHKISS & Co., Limited,—a hundred headaches in every barrel of it! Wise Maxim Gun says, "Bolt!" Enemy bolts accordingly, disappearing behind palisades. British Army in full pursuit, cross bridge, blow up palisades—"Up, Guards, and at 'em!"—storm the rocks—gain the heights—Defeat of PROBYN & Co.—Victory! "*God Save the Queen!*" by the Band. Grand Finale, and all over, including shouting. Good show—very. Still going on. The Author of the *Soldier's Pocket-Book* should be known as "The Maxim Great Gun."

DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 24.—Could scarcely sleep a wink through thinking of having brought up Mr. and Mrs. JAMES from the country to go to the Theatre last night, and his having paid for a private box because our order was not honoured; and such a poor play too. I wrote a very satirical letter to MERTON the Wine Merchant, who gave us the pass, and said, "considering we had to *pay* for our seats, we did our *best* to appreciate the performance." I thought this line rather cutting, and I asked CARRIE how many P's there were in appreciate, and she said, "One." After I sent off the letter I looked at the dictionary and found there were two. Awfully vexed at this.

Decided not to worry myself any more about the JAMES's; for, as CARRIE wisely said, "We'll make it all right with them by asking them up from Sutton one evening next week, to play at Bézique.

April 25.—In consequence of BRICKWELL telling me his wife was working wonders with the new PINKFORD's Enamel Paint, I determined to try it. I bought two tins of red on my way home. I hastened through tea, went into the garden and painted some flower-pots. I called out CARRIE, who said, "You've always got some new-fangled craze"; but she was obliged to admit that the flower-pots looked remarkably well. Went upstairs into the servant's bed-room and painted her wash-stand, towel-horse, and chest of drawers. To my mind it was an extraordinary improvement, but as an example of the ignorance of the lower classes in the matter of taste, our servant SARAH, on seeing them, evinced no sign of pleasure, but merely said, "she thought they looked very well as they was before."

April 26.—Got some more red Enamel Paint (red to my mind being the best colour), and painted the coal-scuttle, and the backs of our *Shakspeare*, the binding of which had almost worn out.

April 27.—Painted the Bath red, and was delighted with the result. Sorry to say CARRIE was not, in fact we had a few words about it. She said I ought to have consulted her, and she had never heard of such a thing as a Bath being painted red. I replied, "It's merely a matter of taste." Fortunately, further argument on the subject was stopped by a voice saying, "May I come in?" It was only CUMMINGS, who said, "Your maid opened the door, and asked me to excuse her showing me in, as she was wringing out some socks." I was delighted to see him, and suggested we should have a game of whist with a dummy, and by way of merriment said, "*You* can be the dummy." CUMMINGS (I thought rather ill-naturedly) replied, "Funny as usual." He said he couldn't stop, he only called to leave me the "*Bicycle News*," as he had done with it. Another ring at the bell; it was GOWING, who said "he must apologise for calling so often, and that one of these days *we* must come round to *him*." I said, "A very extraordinary thing has struck me." "Something funny, as usual," said CUMMINGS. "Yes," I replied, "I think even *you* will say so this time. It's *à propos* of you both; for doesn't it seem odd that GOWING's always *coming*, and CUMMING's always *going?*" CARRIE, who had evidently quite forgotten about the bath, went into fits of laughter, and as for myself, I fairly doubled up in my chair, till it cracked beneath me. I think this was one of the best jokes I have ever made. Then imagine my astonishment on perceiving both CUMMINGS and GOWING perfectly silent, and without a smile on their faces. After rather an unpleasant pause, CUMMINGS, who had opened a cigar-case, closed it up again, and said, "Yes—I think, after that, I *shall* be going, and I am sorry I fail to see the fun of your jokes." GOWING said he didn't mind a joke when it wasn't rude, but a pun on a name, to his thinking, was certainly a little wanting in good taste. CUMMINGS followed it up by saying, if it had been said by any one else but myself, he shouldn't have entered the house again. This rather unpleasantly terminated what might have been a cheery evening. However, it was as well they went, for the charwoman had finished up the remains of the cold pork.

"WOUNDED by a shot from an Ayr gun!" exclaimed GEORGE JOKIN. "From the report it sounds to me like the explosion of a blunderbuss."

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